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## The Trinity Review, March 1949

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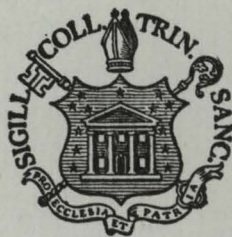
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# The Trinity Review



Volume III

March, 1949

Number 2

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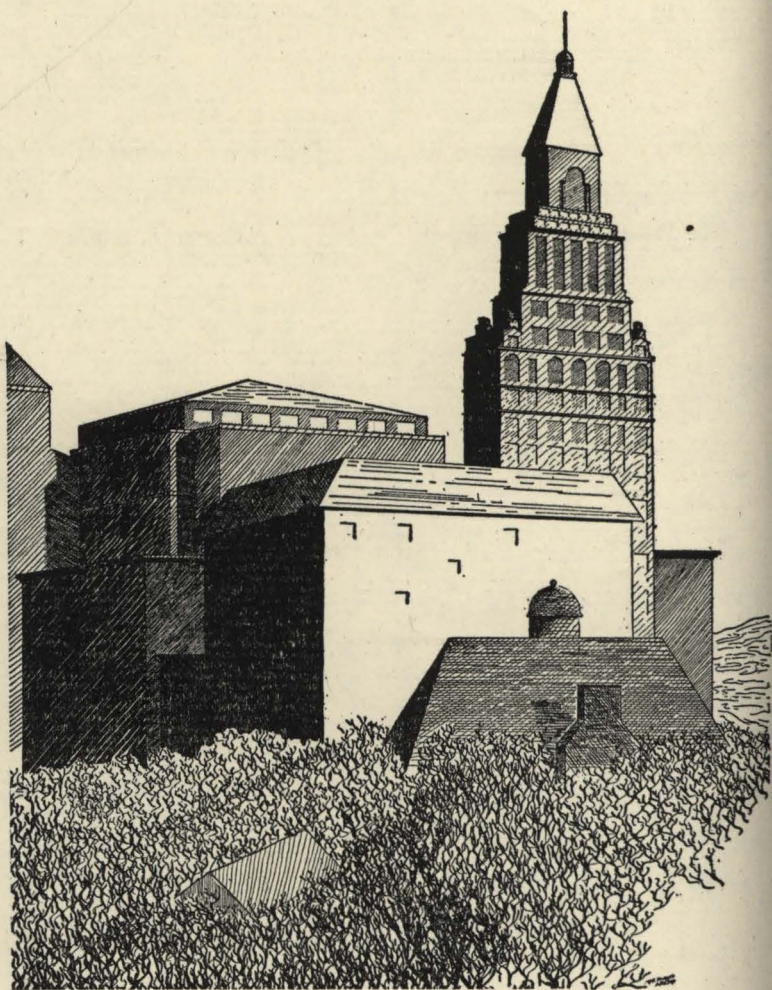
Robert W. Herbert

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Philemon F. Sturges, III

# The Trinity Review

Published by the Undergraduate Students  
of Trinity College

Hartford 6, Connecticut

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VOL. III

MARCH, 1949

No. 2

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## The Review Short Story

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### THE PRICELESS COMMODITY

Warren E. Giffin

IT was a hot, lethargic afternoon in mid-summer of 1946. The sun sprayed its ravaging rays across the flat barrenness of the gulf coast, numbing the bareheaded populace that milled about somnolently waiting out the endless minutes for the conveyance which would take them to the city.

July, nineteen hundred and forty-six, eleven months almost to the day since the world had settled back into the comfortable security which was the indemnity of peace. Eleven months—fleeting months to some—an endless lifetime for others. Eleven months—time indeed for wounds to heal, hates to abate and ugly memories to become nebulous. Time for people to begin anew in a vast and utterly different world. Time for people to forget.

The heat seemed unbearable. Not a leaf was turned in the stagnant air. I looked toward the blue gulf in hope of seeing a foaming whitecap usher in a welcome breeze. But the water lay death-like and still, shimmering delicately. It too, I thought, was a victim of the inclement sun.

I mopped my wet neck with a saturated handkerchief and welcomed the sight of the bus as it lumbered toward us.

I crowded on board and worked my way to the back, where I sat down in a seat facing the aisle. I was glad that I had pushed my way in as the bus was crowded to a standing capacity before we left the stop.



A large, corpulent man was sitting beside me, smoothing out a once immaculate Palm Beach suit, now wrinkled and stained with sweat. His nearness increased the intensity of the heat and I wormed further down the seat, trying to create an insulating gap of air between us.

The standees lurched back as the bus began to move and only then did any relief come in the form of fresh air gushing through the open windows. I welcomed it, twisting in my seat and putting my hand out of the window so that the scurrying breeze could flow up my sleeve, cool my arm-pit and freeze the riverlets of sweat that ran down my ribs.

It was eight miles to the city. Eight, long, weary miles in a crowded bus filled with the nauseating smell of human perspiration. I stuck my head into the breeze to clear my nostrils.

The bus made several stops, each one augmenting our distress as with the addition of every passenger our allotted cubicle of air was diminished. Every inch of space was consumed and it seemed as though the smaller ones would be all but crushed, sandwiched as they were between the mass of swaying bodies.

The bus rolled on down the road for perhaps a mile while the standees rocked back and forth on their heels, clutching anything they could for support. For a few minutes the moving air once again refreshed us.

The driver began to slow down again and the bus soon screeched to a stop; the passengers lurched forward in a body, growling obscenities in the close, humid quarters.

A young Negro squeezed aboard the bus and handed the driver his fare. He was a tall, intelligent looking boy, with close-cropped hair, a light brown complexion and an almost cherubic face. For the most part he possessed the dominant features of the white race and was perhaps the offspring of a mixed union. He was, except for his browner skin and wiry hair, no different from you or me.

"Move to the rear of the bus," the driver said gruffly.

The Negro threw a helpless look toward us and began to edge past the first few standees, who all but refused to let him by. One of them made a feeble effort, another stared indifferently out of the window, while the remainder glanced disgruntledly in the boy's direction.

The Negro looked apologetic as he tried to get through the tangled mass.

"Excuse me," I heard him say.

"I can't start this bus until he is in the rear," the bus driver said emphatically.

A low murmur escaped the lips of the passengers. As soon as the bus had stopped, the stiffling, hot air had settled around us like a heavy, steaming blanket. I began to perspire again and I felt the fat man beside me wiggle in his seat.

"Excuse me," the boy said again and did his best to edge his way through. The throng remained adamant, and he looked in the driver's direction questioningly.

"Let him by, please. Make room so he can get to the rear."

A few people turned their necks to see what the delay was. Soon, every eye in the bus was on the boy. He could feel the eyes. He seemed to wince and wither under them. He was obviously embarrassed. Desperately he tried to get by, edging his thin body along as best he could.

His progress was slow, however, though he continued to repeat, "Excuse me. Excuse me, please," over and over again. It was evident that his predicament caused him no end of self-consciousness. His face flushed crimson under his dark skin. Perspiration appeared on his forehead and ran down his cheeks.

"Excuse me. Excuse, me, sir."

The bus driver turned around in his seat, but made no effort to start the engine.

The boy was now past the center of the bus. I watched his face, as did every one else, and a wave of sympathy flooded through me. I don't know why I cared, but to see this lad, humiliated and embarrassed, withering under the cutting, critical eyes about him, made me angry inside and I wanted to jump up and yell for the people to get out of his way and not to intimidate him further. My animosity was further augmented by a disgusting, half-finished utterance from the man beside me.

"These damn niggers . . . ."

The boy was almost back now. The perspiration began to seep through the clean gabardine jacket that he was wearing. He seemed to shrivel up, right under my eyes. His own eyes were cast down-



ward, not wanting to meet the glare of his tormentors. His entire frame seemed to shake with despair and frustration. I imagine that it must have seemed like hours to him before he reached us.

Somebody shouted, "Let's go. He's back far enough!"

The bus driver looked around and, satisfied that the youth was in "legal" territory, started up the engine and the bus finally began to move.

It had seemed like an eternity while we were standing still. I felt it, and I knew the Negro did.

The refreshing air once again filled the conveyance. Everyone sighed with relief. The Negro relaxed and the redness drained from his face. He raised his eyes as he felt those that were on him fall away and return to the scenery rushing by. They would forget the incident. It was just routine for them.

But the Negro will never forget, nor will I . . . ever.

He squeezed by the last few standees and stood in front of me. He cast an apologetic glance my way and I nodded in an effort to let it be known where my sympathies lay.

His face was still perspiring and he reached for a handkerchief that jutted from his jacket pocket. It was then I noticed two things that stunned me and caused me to remember forever that distraught, pathetic face as he struggled toward the rear of the bus.

I saw a gold discharge button in the lapel of his jacket. I saw a metal hook protruding from the sleeve of his right arm fumbling for the handkerchief. Instinctively, I glanced up to the other arm that was raised to grip the strap above my head. There was no hand on it either. A steel hook, a mate to the one on his other arm, clung to the strap.

He pulled the handkerchief from his pocket and began to wipe his face clumsily. He must have noticed me looking at his artificial limbs for when my eyes met his, they were staring right back at me, pathetic, pitiable.

"I gave them these," he said nodding toward his losses. "Isn't it enough?"

I looked away. I didn't have the guts to look him in the eye, for I was ashamed.



## The Review Essay

FOUNDED UPON A ROCK

*John F. Hardwick*

**D**ISCIPLINE is a subject unpalatable to most young men. It savors too much of rules and is thought to quench the great creative fires of youth. But I think many of us make a big mistake in not becoming acquainted with it early and cultivating it, especially during our college years.

That type of discipline which should concern us the most, because it will determine the tenor of our whole life, is the discipline of thought and expression. Our contemporary world seems to show quite clearly the confusion resulting from the lack of this force. I am not versed in the theories of modern art, and so I am not sure what effect the artist is trying to create, but I cannot help feeling a sense of frustration and confusion when I look at a modern painting or hear a musical score written in the modern idiom. However fine these may be when judged by aesthetic or technical standards, they still seem to reflect the undercurrent of confusion and insecurity in the minds of the present day. In this country the rapid, usually erratic, pace of everyday living belies and even prevents any analytic attack or presentation of problems.

On the campus the same lack of well-ordered thinking and living is evident. In campus publications there seems to be an alarming lack of desire of the students to write, or the editors to publish, articles which are written to put forth some view or present some problem or argument in a well-constructed, well-thought-out manner. The emphasis seems to be on the method of expression, rather than on the thought-content of the writing. No one will deny the importance of expression in writing and speaking, but highly developed or imaginative form will not conceal empty content. Our purpose in college is to grow in knowledge and intellectual stature. Here we must train ourselves in our habits of thought and study, supposedly in preparation for individual creative work later. It seems to me that we would move most quickly to this end by cultivating our powers of observation and analysis and expressing them in clear, concise terms. Our "bull sessions", which should be opportunities for forming our arguments and opinions on a subject and presenting

them in a lucid, persuasive manner, usually degenerate into aimless conversation about a multitude of trivia.

One might argue that such discipline would dull the creative instinct and seriously curtail its free expression. On the contrary, it seems to me that the inspiration of the creative instinct is best expressed when it is founded on carefully cultivated and well-disciplined thought habits. Surely no one will deny the inspirational beauties of Shelley's poems. And yet, though he wrote in an effusion, his long acquaintance with poetry enabled him to express his ideas in a complicated verse form. His long acquaintance with the ancient Greek authors, especially Plato, enabled him to express ideas which were completely thought out and well developed. The beautiful lines of Keats were achieved only after many deliberations and changes, after the thought content of the inspiration had been written down. And does there not seem to be a uniqueness of creation and yet the strictest discipline of thought and words in the immortal lines of Simonides which were inscribed on the tomb of the Spartans who fell at Thermopylae, "Tell them in Lakedaimon, passer-by, that here obedient to their word we lie." (sel. 212, *Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation*.) Where else has such beauty been achieved with such economy of words? And anyone who reads and enjoys Plato or Aristotle will admit that there is a certain joy in following the penetrating analyses and the careful step-by-step construction of the arguments. When the final conclusion is reached after a long and carefully delineated climb, the truth bursts upon one in much the same manner that Plotinus must have believed the Divine Word revealed the ultimate truth of all things to the Soul during her ascent to reunion with the Absolute.

The reading of the essays of Francis Bacon reveals the keen mind which penetrated the many subjects discussed and the firm discipline which brought forth its observations in compact, potent form. Consider, for instance, the opening lines of "Of Studies": "Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability." How many pages would a student of English A need today to express the same thought? College men would probably benefit (and faculties would be sincerely grateful) if they took the works of men who write clear, concise, well-ordered prose like Bacon more seriously, and expressed their own ideas in the discipline of this style of writing. Students would find that they were forming habits of thought which would be of service to them



in dealing with the problems of their everyday life. Many maladjustments could be prevented if problems were faced squarely, reduced to their essentials, and then dealt with carefully and thoroughly. And, as has been pointed out, the creative instinct need not be lost or subdued. But what is created will be complete, full and worthwhile because it will be the fruit of a mind which has disciplined itself to consider each situation carefully and completely.

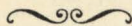
Our college life abounds with ways of developing this discipline of thought and expression. In addition to the authors mentioned there are many others whose works can be read with profit not only from the thought, but also from a study of the method of expression. Most of these writers are assigned at one time or another throughout the college career. They should be read a little more slowly and with less emphasis on what is going to be asked in the next examination. More attention should be paid to the problem presented by the author and his method of analyzing it and presenting it. We should do more thinking about our reading. When we do not understand something in the text, we should not skip over it and hope that questions about it will not be asked, but we should try to reason along with the author and come to his conclusion along with him. In translating a foreign language, we should not run to a "trot" every time we get stuck. We ought to try sincerely to work out the meaning of the passage on our own, nor should we let ourselves be seduced by the poetic translations of footnotes. But all this requires the expending of mental effort and energy. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

The true study of a foreign language, particularly one or both of the classical languages, seems to offer one of the best ways of training oneself to analyze carefully and completely and to express oneself with one's highest creative powers. In making a good translation we are called upon to look carefully at everything the author has written, to weigh the value of each item, and then to put our findings into intelligible, accurate and interesting English idiom. This is an education in itself.

Our religious traditions, Hebrew and Christian, demand the discipline of our life, physical, mental and spiritual. The earnest and sincere following of a rule of life not only deepens and strengthens the spiritual side of our personality, but also offers one of the best methods of introducing discipline into all the other facets of life.

But one of the most important things we can do is slow down and get serious. We have been in the habit of avoiding the distasteful decisions in life or of leaving the responsibility to some one else. We have got to take the determination of our lives into our own hands. If we are disciplined, we will find that we are better able to meet all exigencies, and that these lives we are leading are full and fruitful.

The house that was built on the sands of indecision and idle thought was washed away when the storms came and the winds blew. But the house that was built on the rock of good thoughts and firm decisions, clearly and soundly developed, fell not.



## The Review Poem

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### THAT NIGHT

That night  
I was shaken—  
Unshakeable me, shaken,  
Taken on my strong side.  
The columns trembled like living things,  
Swaying upward.  
The roof rustled,  
While high, high up,  
A scream bruised the tips of its filmy wings.  
My heart shook in the heat of the candles.

And I wanted to throw myself  
Flat on my face,  
Flat and hard on my face on the floor—  
To be exorcised,  
To be forgiven,  
To be burned alive to a crisp  
In the rush and the flame of Hell.

—James A. Huck



## THE FRAGILE FRUITS OF VICTORY

*Robert W. Herbert*

**I**N the early hours of September 1, 1939, the Wehrmacht, pride and joy of Hitler's Germany, crossed a frontier and started the cruellest and most destructive war in history. The events between September 1939 and VE and VJ days in 1945 are more or less part of our living memory and to a large degree have shaped the destinies of all men.

Just how is it possible to describe the War? There are statistics which seem remote and cool. Perhaps you can translate them into a meaning which contains human values; I cannot. Dead, 22,060,000; wounded, 34,400,000; cost, one trillion, three hundred and forty-eight billion dollars (\$1,348,000,000,000). Those figures mean almost nothing. Suffering cannot be measured in neat statistics, nor is there a yardstick for the possible progress civilization might have known. You can see in the above figures only an abstract of man's self destruction. What do these statistics mean now, and in the years ahead?

In 1945 two war machines were smashed and the world looked to the future with determination to heal the wounds and to make another such disaster impossible. The United Nations, at first an association of Allies, became the promise of security and reason for which all mankind yearned. A new age had dawned during the war's climax which to thoughtful men inflated the price of any future war beyond man's conception; that was the development of atomic power as an offensive weapon. The position of the atomic bomb in the second world war was relatively minor. It sped the fall of Japan but that had become a certain eventuality in any case. The value of the bomb in the war was the demonstration of what future wars could be like.

Now, less than four years after the end of the struggle, there is talk, thought, and worry of another war. Even worse than this speculation, there is an easy gravitation to expedients or suggested expedients which would effectively nullify the result of the war where good was accomplished, and which would put the world exactly where it was in the early autumn of 1939, but with even more destructive weapons.



As a citizen and spectator I have watched the change in this country's thought with horror. Germany is coming back into the focus of concern.

A gap has existed between the political theory and morality of Soviet Russia and "The West" since 1918. Fear and mutual distrust have not lessened it and war-time alliance apparently did nothing to bridge it. Although the Soviets and representatives of the democracies sit together in the United Nations, they are almost as inter-planetary delegates, differing in the most basic conceptions of human and governmental relationships. This is by no means a defense of Communism. The forced-labor camps equal in human equations the spirit of the concentration camps so lately broken up. Political education by means of torture adds up to the same sort of depravity, to my mind, as did the rule in Hitler's Europe.

Nevertheless, while resisting the expansion of Russian political influence, we cannot afford to lose sight of the danger in using "anything" to fight them. It is about as sensible and effective as hanging oneself to prevent the possibility of being run down by a truck. Many people seem to have assumed that since Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Himmler and company are off the scene we are safe from the danger that they represented. It would be nice if it were true, but it isn't.

Hitler, while the most outstanding symptom, was not the disease that threatened the world. He represented a state of mind, ambition, and amorality in Germany which made his conception of the state and "master race" possible. Germany is a national group of eighty million people, and Hitler and his goon-squads could not have ruled unless there had been a fundamental agreement as to the place and justification of "German destiny." A characteristic of Germany has been a devotion to discipline under the "leadership principle." Disobedience is a cardinal sin in Germany, far outweighing the moral issues in an order. From this basis of reasoning, Germans have excused themselves from all responsibility for war crimes. It is immoral to refuse to obey, and the responsibility lies, according to their ethical code, with the man who issued the order. Thus the leader assumes moral responsibility for decisions, and those who carry them out are "merely doing their duty" and are blameless.

As a typical example of this basic conflict between German and civilized thought I would like to cite the position of the atrocities brought out in the Nuernberg Trials. The excuse "I was ordered

to . . ." came out again and again in regard to extermination camps and civilian massacre. Lidice and countless other "incidents," grisly to the point of unbelief, were *explained* by the same arguments. The court, speaking for humanity, defined man's responsibility concerning obedience. There are actions, said the court, which no man can be compelled to perform under any law. If to refuse means death, then the man has no other option, in the eyes of mankind, but to take his chances in disobeying. The trouble with the picture is that the Germans did not and do not understand this.

America has forgotten too much and is on the point of forgiving too much. It is a moot point whether we have the right to forgive, as we were certainly not the country which suffered the inhuman atrocities of the SS, etc. There is no question in my mind that we have no right to forget. The difficulty is that the crimes against humanity were so monstrous that it was virtually impossible for men to realize what *had* happened. For that matter a new legal term came out of the trials for a crime without precedent; that was "genocide," race murder. Six million Jews died horribly for belonging to a race, and mankind has not the right to forget or forgive that.

Analogy breaks down when the problem of what to do with Germany arises. We can speak of the Nazi ideal, which was supported by the overwhelming majority of Germans, as a disease but *we* cannot treat the Germans as we would a virus. Extermination would complete the analogy but is simply not morally possible for us to consider (despite the fact that the Germans themselves not only considered but practiced it) such a course of action. Changing the character of an entire people is our problem, and, from reliable reports, it is not proving easy or successful. An entire generation has been weaned on Nazi philosophy. Read Ambassador Dodd's verbatim translation of the handbook for Hitler Youth, *A Nazi Primer*, if there is any doubt on the poison so deeply planted in the German mind.

Naturally there are no Germans who admit willingly to being Nazis. They were, of course, forced to be party members, et cetera, et cetera. Now, in the Western zones, they are fervent democrats, lovers of liberty and human rights. Few will admit pre-VE day knowledge of the concentration camps and extermination centers. In other words, the pattern of German defeat has not changed. Many impressionable occupation GI's have come home from Germany feeling that they, the Germans, were the only decent Europeans (flush toilets, etc.)



and that they have been misunderstood. The face of Germany in defeat assumes a bland innocence; *we* must remember what the face of Germany was in its hours of victory. Sachsenhausen, Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen, Buchenwald, Ravensbrück, and dozens of other German hells were anything but blandly innocent. The number and scope of these famous death factories precludes any possibility of their being a "secret" from the German people. When Germany was winning (up to 1942) and Germans were living on loot savagely torn from smaller and weaker nations, exploiting slave labor, it was a beautiful ride and close enquiry was not practiced. The real crime of the self-worshipping Nazi heroes, to Germany, was fumbling the job, bringing the wreck down on German heads and losing the war.

Patience will be needed with Germany (plus a well-cultivated watchfulness), for, if we are sensible, we will have to remain there for a long time. As for the ownership and management of German industry, about which so much has been said and written recently, I see no reason why these industries should not be internationally owned and controlled, their production and profits used to rebuild and restore part of what was lost to Nazi wantonness. National responsibility is part of this, for if Germany is to exist in Europe she must make an effort to undo part of the chaos she created. Simply destroying the plants would help no one, but Germany has forfeited, for many years, the right to act or produce without supervision. Criminals are re-educated in custody in the hope that they may become useful citizens. In the same sense Germany has been convicted of unthinkable crimes and for the safety of the community of man, the re-education and reform must be complete and certain before she can be trusted again.

To those who would have Germany, Spain, and others of that ilk as a bulwark against Bolshevism, I would merely recall that *that* had been the idea in the 30's; the experiment (and a stupid, cowardly one at that) has been tried and over twenty-two million people died as the price of its failure. And *that* experiment was pre-atomic.

What we actually won in the war was the opportunity to help remake the world on a basis of decency. It is costly and dangerous but it is a chance to change the old pattern of suffering and tyranny into something better. The price of failure would be terrible. Success can mean a golden era in the history of man, and we mustn't risk everything by another stupid gamble on a rather consistently bad actor, Germany.

## OLD PAL

*Harmon R. Van Winkle*

STEVE recognized the voice. Instinctively, he looked toward its source and forced a tight smile. He half stood up and extended a hand.

"Hello, Jim," he said quietly.

The other man leaned across the table and pumped Steve's hand vigorously.

"Why, Steve! Long time no see! Two years?"

"Four."

"How long you been out?"

"About a month. Just got discharged from Letterman General."

"Wounded bad?"

"No. The Army said I was O.K., so I was discharged from both the hospital and the Army on practically the same day."

The visitor drew up a chair and eased down his sleek, well-fed bulk.

"Tough luck, Steve. Getting hit, I mean. Don't worry, you'll get your feet under you in a little while. I bet you're kind of unsettled. Must be quite a change. I feel like kind of a heel. I tried 'em all—Army, Navy, Marines. They weren't interested in a perforated eardrum. Well, that's life. Some are lucky, some aren't. Still wish I could have got in, though. How're you fixed for a job, by the way? Got anything lined up?" The stocky man paused to knock the ash from a cigar that up to this moment had served as a pointer to punctuate the salient points in his talk.

"No," replied Steve. "I'm taking it easy for a while."

"Don't blame you a bit. You've been through a lot. Let's see—European Theater, wasn't it?"

"Pacific."

"Oh . . . yeah, that's right."

Steve sensed the waitress at his elbow. "What'll you have, Jim?" he asked. A muscle at the corner of Steve's mouth twitched almost imperceptibly.



"Rye and soda, thanks."

"Make it two," said Steve.

"You haven't changed much, Steve. A little thinner, but you look good. I haven't done too bad for myself. Dad took me in as a partner at the plant, you know. Say, when you're ready to work, give me a ring. I'll talk to Dad. How about it?"

"Thanks, Jim, thanks a lot. I'll keep the offer in mind."

"We're expanding the outfit. We did well during the war." He paused abruptly and toyed clumsily with a saltshaker, his heartiness momentarily deserting him. Then his old manner returned. "Got myself a new car." He turned in his chair and looked through the window that faced the street. "It's the maroon job. Convertible. Over there." He punched the air with his cigar.

Steve raised his head.

"Hey, you're looking the wrong way, fella. Over *there*."

Steve turned. "Some wagon," he affirmed, surprising himself with the sincerity in his voice.

The waitress returned. Cautiously, Steve reached for his drink and felt a great tension ease away when his hand closed about the cool surface.

"Here's to you," said Jim.

"Yeah," replied Steve. He drank, then lowered the glass, cradling it in one hand.

For a moment both men drank in silence.

Steve's guest downed the last of his drink and looked at his wrist-watch with a flourish. "Well," he said, "I've got to get moving. Thanks for the drink, Steve. If I'm late, the old gent'll fire me." He chuckled heartily, implying the improbability of such an occurrence. Leaning forward, he pump-handled Steve's arm. "Next time the drink is on me. It's great to see you again. So long, Steve."

Steve brushed the check up. No sooner had he arisen when the dog emerged billowing out the table cloth. The animal's moist nose pressed against the back of his hand. He reached down and grasped the leather cross-bar. For an instant the knuckles stood out white, then his grip relaxed and he moved toward the cashier's counter.



## THE MESSIANIC ECLOGUE

*Translated by Leonel L. Mitchell*

**I**N its original form this poem was written by the Roman poet, Publius Vergilius Maro, about the year 20 B.C. Many early Christians such as Constantine the Great and St. Augustine interpreted it as a direct prophecy of the coming of Christ.

Sicilian Muses, cause our song to soar!  
The lowly shrubs and trees delight not all.  
So let the woods assume a consul's airs.  
The final age foretold by Sybil comes,  
The cycle of the years with it reborn.  
Now from high heaven returns the Maid, returns  
Saturnian Golden Age, and a new race.  
O chaste Diana! Hasten that Boy's birth,  
That o'er the crumbling iron race, the gold  
May rise. Now Phoebus reigns, thy brother fair!  
And in thy term shall this, O Pollio, start,  
And the Great Months upon their course embark.  
All trace of mortal vileness shall withdraw,  
And earth forever free from crime shall be.  
He shall receive a life divine, and gods  
And heroes shall his comrades be. The world  
He rules, at peace through valor of his sire.  
And earth untilled shall bring to thee, O Boy,  
The wandering ivy, and the foxglove fair,  
And Colocasia, and the laughing herb.  
And by themselves the goats shall bring thee home,  
Their milk-filled udders, safe from lions' charge.  
Unbidden shall thy bed in blossom burst,

The serpent and the poison-plant shall die.  
Upon all ground Assyrian spice shall grow.  
When thou canst read heroic praise, and know  
Thy father's deeds, and Valor, what it is,  
Then shall the fields bring forth soft corn,  
And on the briar grow the purple grape,  
And honey-dew drip from the hardened oak.  
Yet shall of our old guilt some trace remain,  
That we should tempt the sea with ships, and girt  
Our towns with walls and moats about.  
Then shall another Tiphys be; Argo  
Replete with heroes shall again set sail;  
And in new wars Achilles come to Troy.  
When in time's fullness thou becomest a man,  
Then sailors shall neglect the sea, and ships  
All traded goods to bear; all climes shall grow  
All crops without the artifice of man.  
The ox from ploughman's yoke shall be released,  
Nor wool shall learn to put on false dyed hues;  
Purple and saffron coats shall rams bear home,  
And native scarlet clothe the pastured lambs.  
Run thus, O Time! the Fates in concord sang  
To spindles, by the will of Destiny.  
Approach great honors (now will come the time).  
O god-born offspring of Almighty Jove!  
Behold the world to nod its massy dome,  
Land, and tract of sea, and depth of sky!  
How happy all in the coming age, behold!  
The final part of a long life be to me,  
And breath enough to sing your deeds to come!  
For then should neither Orpheus of Thrace  
Nor Linus conquer me in song, 'though them  
Apollo and Calliope did aid.  
E'en Pan, Arcadia being the judge, would cede  
The match, if of thee 'gainst him I should sing.  
Begin to know thy mother with a smile.  
(Ten long months have brought her weary qualms.)  
Begin, O Boy, for lest thou smile on her,  
Ne'er shall immortals bless thy board and bed.



## MYTH AND TRADITION

Thomas C. F. Lowry

ARTISTIC literatures of modern times have found it necessary to depend upon myths and other traditional material for their theme and inspiration. This seems to have been necessary for at least two reasons. First, that the strain of invention rarely allows great things to be created entirely out of the imagination of a single artist. Shakespeare poring over Holinshed's *Chronicles* and North's translation of *Plutarch's Lives* is a good example of this. Secondly, the employment of these sources enables expression more easily to rise out of the mere recounting of events and the presentation of thoughts and ideas into a realm of general or universal significance. Here it is possible for whole nations with their many levels of comprehension to derive pleasure from either the literal or symbolic aspects of the subject matter. Examples of this are *The Bible*, certain classical myths such as that of Prometheus, and "culture myths" like the Faust legend. Just what is gained by the utilization of such traditions is difficult to define, but it can partly at least be indicated by the reaction a bedtime-story-telling father would elicit from his child in relating a fable with no imagination triggers—reduced to its lowest literal terms—and probably in the end amounting to something like a fossilized plot summary of the young man's marrying the boss's daughter. The best literature not only has something for the whole family but also it presents the new in terms of the old rendering unfamiliar things intelligible and endowing them with the wisdom and authority of the past.

There is yet a third reason for all this preoccupation with the past, the fact that "distance lends enchantment," that perhaps *Beowulf* when first told concerned itself with a man who was an unusual swimmer and a hardy fighter but who could hardly have stayed under water for hours on end, only one of the superhuman feats attributed to him. King Arthur, if he ever did exist, was probably a soldier unusually successful in fending off the inroads of the foreign invader into his isolated and sylvan land holding. Even so with other figures of pre-eminence, politicians and presidents, and we are shocked when our modern journalism reveals that they have dowdy wives, artistic daughters, and that they used to be in the dry-goods business. It would

seem that literature to be satisfying must do more than hold up the mirror but must also provide a not unnatural amplification of what we are, what we have, and what we want. Entertainment has always been the predominant reason for the existence of art and to fulfill this important function it must be unusual in one way or another so as to provide a fullness and a reward which we do not find in our own lives.

Today we seem apparently to have lost this urge to satisfaction. Beginning during the latter half of the nineteenth century we started the swing away from it. Stephen Crane in *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets* withdrew from tradition in the usual sense of the word and went stark and terrifying. He even wrote a poem which is amusingly relevant at this point.

A youth in apparel that glittered  
Went to walk in a grim forest.  
There he met an assassin  
Attired all in garb of old days;  
He, scowling through the thickets,  
And dagger poised quivering,  
Rushed upon the youth.  
"Sir," said this latter,  
"I am enchanted, believe me,  
To die, thus,  
In this medieval fashion,  
According to the best legends;  
Ah, what joy!"  
Then took he the wound, smiling,  
And died, content.

This poem is an absurd example of the thing that made Crane fly from what customarily supports art, tradition. Evils presented in customarily accepted moulds aren't evils at all, or rather they don't give that impression. And yet this consumptive genius who fled the land he loved to die in the Black Forest realized perhaps intuitively that pure polemics, bare of imaginative conceptions, are almost invariably dull. And so he invented a story so rich with what constitutes our American background that his readers found it necessary to consider themselves related to the tragedy of the story—bound by the conventions which he had indirectly delineated, and yet attracted by the inherent entertainment value of the story. Thus its value was



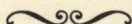
both intrinsic—the story was good in itself, and extrinsic—it was not unrelated to the things to which his public attached great value. It was perfectly natural and almost unavoidable for Crane to do so, and it still is for an artist to confuse or perhaps to blend what he thinks is true with what he considers aesthetically rewarding. Mostly it is not possible to distinguish between them, but a distinction between what is polemic and what is beautiful does exist and must be made clear. What has happened is that this swing from tradition to realism has resulted in a split of intention—a duality which is illustrated by Sinclair Lewis's failure to be impressed with what constitutes literary worth. His latest novel has been universally criticized as being inartistic in that it crossed the line dividing worthwhile literature from invective. Then there is the other school which, finding that they wish to create something of impressively wide implication that will at the same time sell well, follow the line of Norman Mailer. Their line of reasoning must be that since sex is widely recognized as being a compelling force and a pleasant experience their novels will take on at least a part of the same signification. Thus both of these attitudes cross that precious line of demarcation which distinguishes balance from instability, art from indulgence.

All this is not far from the theme of myth and tradition. Both of these men, Mailer and Lewis, are the product of an age of realism, an age so red and so full of immediacy that the values of the past have been forgotten. Part of this has been caused by the cyclic swing away from Victorianism, part by the increasing stimulus-response simplification of our technological age, and part by the last two wars. This set of circumstances is going to have effects lasting beyond the usual time duration of such phenomena because America is being forced into a position requiring a maturity which she does not possess. Her people and her literature will respond to the challenge, but is it not likely to be a sorry affair that mature powers of expression, restraint, and resourcefulness are not in evidence when we need them so much? The golden age of Poe, Melville, Whitman, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Thoreau met its crises with grace and power giving us works which only now are beginning to be appreciated properly. Today, the novels of amorphous, impressive Wolfe with his limited audience are left to us. Wolfe is dead. Bosomy jacket covers recalling only hot, sleepless nights tacked onto meaningless tidbits of history stare vacantly at us from bookstore windows. Their crude ineffectiveness in finding this



universal plane of applicability must be beginning to pall for the beautifully accurate gage of the book clubs shows Toynbee, DuNouys, and Liebman seeking to satisfy the dissatisfied public. Poetry has surpassed even the Restoration drama's claim to especially limited audiences. Eliot and Auden temporarily elevated by commonly meaningless vistas are disillusioned, and their successors typified by Wallace Stevens and Dylan Thomas hide their ineffectiveness in machinations of inaccessible rhetoric. Robert Frost confuses the issue by being so kind and gentle that his very state of anomaly renders him incapable of turning the tide. Even painting vibrates confusedly between Picasso and "Gammer" Moses.

No myth has ever had confusion and dissatisfaction and lack of illumination for its purpose before now. Myths are much too inhuman for that. Wanted: one myth—to live in.



### VISIT TO A CHURCH

I walked into a church  
And was alone but for an organist  
Whose fingers ran across the gleaming keys.  
The music rose and fell as waves on a sea,  
Now thundering, now washing gently over me.  
Standing there, I knew for one still moment  
The passion of belief and faith in the Eternal.  
I felt and knew these things—  
The things I once had scorned.

But, then . . . the music stopped.  
The organ light went out.  
In the darkness, I heard the sounds of living from the street.  
The cynic's smile passed over my face  
And, leaving, the door came open easily.

—Jacque V. Hopkins

## A VIRGINAL

A. H. Feingold

*"No, no! Go from me. I have left her lately.  
I will not spoil my sheath with lesser brightness."*

—Ezra Pound

**P**ERFECT, thought Asher. He stood by the open window, admiring the night, watching the tree, only a few feet away, which seemed to offer her branches to the evening. Saint Paul's sounded the hour, and afterwards, an intense silence. Beyond that, something remote and cool—but kind, tender. He lingered for a moment, fingering the windowsill, feeling refreshed, clean.

He remembered the young lady he had met last week, at Westmorley's cocktail party. He telephoned.

"Sylvia? Asher Phillips. I met you last Friday . . ." and with as few words as possible he had made a date, eight-thirty, a walk and coffee.

"What do you do?" he questioned as he took her arm to guide her to the path that passed on the left of the statue. The path on the right, as he well knew, was for lovers.

"English," she said. "And you?"

"Nothing," he answered. "General Studies, I mean."

"Don't you get lost?"

"Don't you?" he parried.

"No."

They walked on Kirkland Street, turned at Divinity Avenue, and sat on the stone steps of the Botanical Library.

"Inside," she said, "they have leaves and twigs and pressed flowers, all neatly done in yellow folders, exactly filed. Phylum class order, family genus species. What do you think of pressed flowers?"

"I envy them. They are at least sure."

"Very sure."

"And they are contained."

"And you are not?"



"Pressed?"

"No, contained."

"I think I am contained, but not pressed."

She smiled. He would be fun—but terribly easy.

"You must have some reason for General Studies. What is it?" she asked.

"Let no field of endeavor be foreign to you, my son," he said ponderously. "No," he added, "I think it's part of my nature. I can include a great deal in my life. I travel easily. Perhaps that's why I'm with you tonight."

"To include me? How wonderful to be an include—a pressed flower."

"No. Perhaps you are. I didn't think so and I don't now. I'd like to know you, and I'd like to know your friends." He was thinking specifically of John Westmorley and his circle. John was tall, slim, and had a flare for the penetrating remark. He had first appeared to Asher as being reticent, but Asher had decided it was less shyness than economy. Westmorley took hardly a paragraph of notes each lecture. His clothes were immaculate.

"To know my friends?" She thought it over. "But they wouldn't accept you; they'd cut you because you are easily cut." She paused, then began more softly. "You can not include them, Asher, unless you exclude the others."

"Is it a question of choice?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "since one must choose."

"Coffee," he said flatly.

They walked toward the Square, exchanging remarks on books. She liked Kafka, Eliot, couldn't abide Frost. She was a Senior, and, in her own words, had read everything there was to read.

"For the rest," she said, "I shall spend my life smoothing the corners that remain."

"And you feel there will be nothing fresh to experience? I think that is terribly sad." He laughed quietly. "I don't believe," he said, "that you have been a mother yet."

"No," she smiled. "Admit though, that motherhood is a crashing bore."

He avoided the admission. The burden, he thought, the burden.

After coffee they walked back to her dormitory. He suggested stopping on the lawn for a while.

"For a cigarette," he said.

He sat cross-legged and she lay beside him, on her side at first, then on her back. From the distance came the clang of a trolley bell. The night held the sound for a moment, reluctant, almost, to let it go. It was a trifle cool now. Truly spring. The first time.

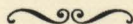
Asher looked down at Sylvia. She had closed her eyes and was scarcely breathing. Her chin was thrust back; the perfect line of her throat was almost imperceptible in the dark, and doubly enchanting because of it, a line of motion, of physical respect, suggesting the curve of her waist.

He changed his position and had hardly discovered her mouth when she said:

"No, no, go from me. That will spoil it, really."

For a moment he was chilled.

"That is a good line, really," he said as he helped her to her feet. "But not so good," he added, as he saw her to the door, "for such desecration."



## HIROSHIMA

Love stops the fear of death  
With sighs and smiles and kisses,  
Reaching to the skies of heaven  
Where all men wish for life.

In gentle movements, it is love  
Who starts the harvest and the seed,  
Who feeds the babe to sleep,  
Who is the mistress of the weak.

In life, love murmurs in the world  
Where empires and nations rise:  
Afterwards, love sits upon the skull of man  
In memory of what might have been.

—Theodore J. DiLorenzo.



## DAVEY

*Stuart C. Woodruff*

THE smoke hung lazily near the ceiling of the faculty room. Occasionally one of the men would lean back purposefully and exhale a long, thin jet of smoke, blowing a rent in the filmly cloud above his head. Mr. Buckley, his finger hooked in his watch chain, pulled downward to see how much weight it could stand before the watch flipped neatly out of his vest pocket. No one seemed to be very interested in what Mr. Hallmark, the headmaster of the Woodmere School for Boys, was saying. The meeting had been in session for almost two hours and seemed destined to continue for at least another hour.

"Now that that's settled," Mr. Hallmark was saying, "I want to talk to you about David Langdon."

Mr. Buckley put his watch back carefully in his vest pocket and straightened up in his chair.

"As you know," Mr. Hallmark continued, "Langdon has been in the infirmary for over two weeks with what we think was a mild nervous disorder, and I want to give you the facts of the case. I talked with Dr. Pearson this morning, and he's in strong support of my plan for sending him away for a rest. You know, get the boy out in the country away from the school atmosphere for a while. He can't do any work here for sometime yet, but with some tutoring in the spring I think we can keep him in his class. Langdon's academic record here has been good, he's done a lot for the school, and he needs all the help he can get from us. I've talked with his grandmother and she thinks his going away would be fine for him—Lake Placid was what I had in mind. Pamela and I have some friends who run a resort up there and they would be glad to take him. He should be back on his feet in about a month. Dr. Pearson tells me that David was really suffering from shock over his mother's death—that plus the delayed concussion he suffered during the Hamstead game. As you know, he's a very highly-strung boy, anyway."

Mr. Buckley thought pleasantly of Davey, as he called him, sleeping deeply in the infirmary bed, one arm flung casually out, palm

upward and relaxed. He liked Davey and always had since the first day he had seen him. That had been four years ago in the fall. Hurrying across the quadrangle, greeting the old boys and introducing himself to the new ones, Mr. Buckley almost fell over a dark-haired, solemn-faced boy of twelve sitting on a huge suitcase in the pose of "The Thinker".

"I'm Mr. Buckley," he said. The boy stood up quickly and faced him.

"I'm David Langdon." The boy offered his hand shyly. Looking down quickly at a mimeographed sheet of paper in his hand, Mr. Buckley found David Langdon's name listed under Durand Hall.

"You're going to be in my dormitory, Durand Hall," he said. "I'm on my way over there now and we can get you settled." Mr. Buckley liked the way the boy said nothing as he picked up his suitcase and followed him like an obedient puppy into the entrance of the red brick building across the quadrangle.

David Langdon soon became one of the most popular boys at Woodmere. Surprisingly enough, the boy was not shy as Mr. Buckley first supposed. He found him full of a raw, untempered humor. But David was a creature of moods as well. His clearly etched face would fade suddenly with somber lines and shadows, his large expressive eyes clouding over momentarily for no apparent reason. No matter what mood he was in, however, he was always himself, and for this Mr. Buckley liked him immensely. As a student in Mr. Buckley's English class he was bright and eager, although occasionally his sense of fun would lose control for an instant. Sometimes Mr. Buckley would say sternly, "Davey, simmer down now."

Shaking his head back and forth as if to rid it of its flighty thoughts, David would stare ferociously down at his books in a frantic effort to stifle his mirth.

Yes, highly-strung was the word for him, Mr. Buckley thought to himself. Damn fine kid, though, damn fine.

"And so," Mr. Hallmark said, "unless you gentlemen have anything more to discuss, I think that about takes care of things. I apologize for keeping you so long."

As the faculty scraped back their chairs and the room came suddenly to life with their talking, Mr. Hallmark motioned Mr. Buckley aside. "Dan, I want you to give Langdon a hand with his packing tomorrow. I'm going to talk with him in the morning and then I want



you to put him on the afternoon train from Poughkeepsie. Everything's been arranged."

"Sure, be glad to, Henry," Mr. Buckley said. "Does Davey know he's going away?"

"I mentioned it to him a few days ago and he seems very cooperative. He's afraid to make any decision for himself, no matter how small, and seems very willing to do whatever we suggest. Of course he's worried about his work but I've assured him he won't drop back. I'm letting him take a few books up with him but I told him not to work unless he feels like it."

"I'll get him off tomorrow then," Mr. Buckley said. "Goodnight, Henry."

"Goodnight, Dan."

Stepping out of the house, Mr. Buckley stared up thoughtfully at the jewelled sky for a moment. His breath hung thick and white before him, and he shivered from the cold. Turning up the collar of his overcoat, he hurried over to the dormitory, his feet crushing in the packed snow as he went. Walking down the quiet, empty corridor to his apartment, he paused for a moment to look into Davey's room. There was nothing unusual about it—there was some calendar art on the wall and a few pictures vaguely outlined by the light in the corridor standing guard on his dresser. Damn fine boy, Mr. Buckley thought as he went on down the hall to his room.

While undressing he continued to think of Davey. He recalled one of the faculty meetings during David's first year when Mr. Hallmark had discussed the background of each of the new boys. David's father had died when he was two years old. His mother, who was French, had brought him and his younger brother up. Financially they were well enough off and lived in a rambling, grotesquely-built house far up the Hudson. David's paternal grandmother lived with them. She was the widow of a wealthy Italian diplomat named Gonzetta. Mr. Buckley would never forget the day he met Mrs. Gonzetta. It was at commencement and she had come up with David's mother to take him home for the summer. He had never seen a more beautiful face—it seemed to carry its own light with it. Her hair was white and she wore it parted in the middle and gathered in a bun at the back of her neck. David was crazy about her. He used to tell Mr. Buckley how wise she was and what nice things she did for them all. He never tired of telling Mr. Buckley of the

five dogs she kept which followed her wherever she went. They even slept with her, David told him. Mr. Buckley smiled at hearing this. Davey was a lot like her, or would be, he thought. The boy seldom spoke of his mother and Mr. Buckley had found nothing distinguished about her. She was a plump, sad-looking woman who worried about David.

Lying in his bed, Mr. Buckley remembered the Hamstead game in which Davey had suffered his concussion. He was a fine football player, determined, fast, and had a deep love for the game. It was a lovely, cool Saturday in October. Davey was playing brilliantly. At the kick off after the half, receiving the ball on the run, he scampered nimbly towards the sidelines. When he was opposite the Woodmere bench, he was pulled down from behind by the neck. His helmet was wrenched off and he hit his head on the bench as he fell. After three days in the infirmary, he was released.

His mother died early in December and David went home for the funeral. Then, about a month later, it happened. Mr. Buckley was reading over some papers at his desk one night when someone began pounding frantically at his door. "Come quick, Sir, something's happened to Langdon!" Mr. Buckley hurried down the hall and found Davey on the floor of his room, pinned down by three other boys. He was screaming incoherently and had a wild frenzied look in his eyes. Someone had sent for Miss Wilson, the nurse, and when she came, she gave him a shot of morphine. After Davey had quieted down, Mr. Buckley helped the boys to carry him over to the infirmary.

So now they're going to send him away for a rest, Mr. Buckley mused.

The next morning Mr. Hallmark strode briskly into the infirmary, spoke briefly to Miss Wilson, and proceeded upstairs to the isolation ward.

He found David sitting up in bed, sipping a tall glass of orange juice.

"Good morning, David. How's the patient today?"

"Fine, thanks, Sir," David smiled at him.

"David, I've got your room for you at the place I told you about and it's all ready and waiting for you."

"Yes, Sir, only why can't I just stay here? It's nice and quiet."

"Well, you're all right now, David, and we want you to get out



and have some fun for a while—some skiing and skating. Why, a change of scene is just what you need, old fellow.”

“All right,” David replied, “Whatever you say.”

“That’s fine,” Mr. Hallmark said. “You stay up there and you’ll be fit as a fiddle in no time. Mr. Buckley’s going to drive you to Poughkeepsie. I’ve talked with your grandmother on the phone and she thinks it’s a grand idea. Your doctor in New York agrees that the trip will be good for you.”

“Okay, Sir, but I don’t think I’ll have to stay up there too long.”

“Well, see how you are. The people who run the resort are good friends of mine so you’ll have a good time. They’re going to let me know how you are getting along. So you can get up now and put on your clothes.”

Mr. Hallmark got off the bed, patted David’s knee, and walked out of the room.

David didn’t like the idea of getting up. Usually he hated to be sick, but this time he liked it up here, alone in the clean, white room. It was so quiet, and he didn’t have to face a lot of people. He missed his friends yet somehow he didn’t want to see them—or anybody. And now he was going to a strange place to meet people he had never seen before. The thought chilled him as he stepped reluctantly into his trousers.

Driving into Poughkeepsie with Mr. Buckley after lunch, David said little. It felt funny to be out, and his legs felt weak. He stared out the window at the bleak, rolling hills and the dirty patches of snow along the road. He scarcely heard Mr. Buckley telling him what had been going on at the school since he had been sick. He ran his tongue over his lips, trying not to think of his trainride or even of asking for a ticket. He was very cold.

When he was alone on the train, David’s stomach tightened and his head began to ache. Twisting wretchedly in his seat, he tried to get comfortable as the train rambled on through the gray, colorless afternoon. His head throbbing now, he got unsteadily to his feet and went into the men’s room. As he hung his head over the curve of the toilet, violent waves of nausea swept over him, but he felt relieved when it was over. When he returned to his seat his hands were shaking so that the couple across the aisle stared at him. Suddenly he felt as if everyone in the car were looking at him. He tried to shake himself free of the thought but it clung to him. He closed his eyes,

wondering why he had to go away. Suddenly he heard the word "Albany" shouted behind him. In a panic now, he pulled down his suitcase from the rack and got off the train as it ground to a halt.

In the Albany station he felt better, vastly relieved not to be going to Lake Placid. Sitting on the hard wooden bench, he felt the drowsy warmth from the radiators and vaguely heard the quiet monotonous clicking of a telegraph set. Thinking of his grandmother, he suddenly wanted to go home.

"Granny, it's me, David!" he cried at the phone. "Listen, I'm in Albany. I can't go to Lake Placid. I'm catching the next train down."

He heard her say, "All right, David. I don't understand but you come on home, anyway."

David put the receiver down reluctantly. He wanted to talk with her some more, to feel safe and secure again.

It was early in the evening when David got home, exhausted. His grandmother fixed him some milk toast and put him to bed.

When he awoke early the next afternoon, he wasn't quite sure where he was. Looking out his window, he saw the river below and realized he was home, in his own room. After lunch Mrs. Gonzetta and David talked. Staring absently out the French windows that looked out over the Hudson, she told him she had lain awake all night wondering what to do with him. David looked down at the floor and said he didn't want to go back to Woodmere or up to Lake Placid and couldn't he stay here?

She looked around at him, saying softly, "David, of course you can stay here. But you're all right now. You should want to go back to school. Mr. Hallmark told me he was sending you away to build up your strength before you began your school work again. Do you feel all right, David?"

"Yes," David said, "Only I don't want to see a lot of people. Why can't I just stay here with you?"

As they talked thus, David pleading and insistent, Mrs. Gonzetta serene but sad, David stared at the frozen river below him. Suddenly, near the river bank, he saw a young deer.

"Look, Granny," he cried, "There's a deer down there and he's walking on the ice!"

Standing side by side, the boy and his grandmother watched the animal move slowly out over the ice, testing each step warily as he

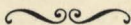


went. The whole scene below them was inutterably lovely. The sun, low now in the West, bathed the river in the wan, red glow of old afternoon as it caught the rich color-tones of the cliffs. The fir trees along the banks looked blue and cold against the dazzling white expanse of ice and snow.

The deer, his dun-colored sides aflame, was hesitating at the edge now, staring into the black water that separated him from the ice beyond. Suddenly he plunged into the dark swirling current and began to swim towards the opposite shelf of ice. The force of the current caught him, whirled and spun him about as he thrashed wildly, the sleek curve of his chest thrown clear of the water by his efforts. Once his head went under, David saw that the animal was not going to get across. He caught his breath. Slowly the deer turned himself about, rolling his terrified eyes, trying to get back to the shelf of ice from which he had leapt moments before. David could see from the short quick blasts of vapor from the deer's flared nostrils that he was near exhaustion. With his last remaining strength, the deer heaved himself onto the ice, quivering on his spindly legs and blowing hard. With a toss of his wet, brown head, the deer ran to the bank below the house. Looking back over his shoulder, the animal stood perfectly motionless for an instant. Then, with joyful bounds, he plunged wildly through the drifts and disappeared into the dark woods, tossing his head as he ran.

David stood staring, deeply moved by what he had just seen. Mrs. Gonzetta turned to him, an old and secret smile on her face. It was then that David knew he was going back to Woodmere.

"You pack your suitcase, David, and I'll call a taxi," Mrs. Gonzetta said. "I think there's a train to Poughkeepsie in two hours."



I scatter little bits of you  
Behind me. I leave a wake  
Of sunshine dew upon the grass  
That slowly rises as I pass.

What happens when you wander by?  
Do people find in their path  
Those broken bits of me? Are they  
Hurt by the broken glass?

—Martin Parlan, Jr.

## GOOD FENCES MAKE GOOD NEIGHBORS

*Frank Lambert, Jr.*

MORNING chores were almost over when old John Wallace climbed up into the hay mow of his barn to throw down fodder for his young stock. The hired man could have done it, but John liked to throw down his own hay. In that way, there was no wastage. He climbed ponderously, for age had slowed him down, and when he reached the top rung of the ladder, he swung stiffly onto the neat shelf of baled hay. It was then that it happened. The bale next to the hay chute wobbled, he struck wildly for the chute brace, but the brace was gone! John Wallace fell without a sound, down the chute into the stable under the mow . . .

It was a hot morning, that morning that John Wallace died. The hens were under the pig-house where they had dug hollows in the dust. They held their wings lifted partly off their backs, and breathed silently through parted beaks. Some of them were even under Daniel's old car getting greasy backfeathers in their search for a cool spot.

It was a bad morning for the young corn. The county agent noted it thoughtfully as he bumped up the lane in his battered coupe. The radiator began to boil as soon as he shut off the engine.

"Anybody around?" he shouted at the sheds surrounding the barnyard. He saw Daniel, the hired man, look out of the milk house and asked, "Where's John?"

"Ain't seen him," Daniel said, working his jaw muscles under his stubble. "Maybe he's up to the house."

"You don't look so good, Daniel," said the county agent smiling. "Did you go into town last night?"

"I feel all right," said Daniel.

"I'll go up to the house then."

He didn't find him at the house either. Mrs. Wallace was washing her baby in the kitchen sink. The baby, red with prickly heat, was crying steadily, and she looked about done herself.



"Where's John, Miz Wallace?" he asked, smiling widely from the doorway. He and Mrs. Wallace always had a good joke going between them, and his leathern cheeks corrugated in anticipation. She was much younger than her husband, and full of life.

"Don't know where he is," she said, turning her back to him.

"You all right, Miz Wallace?" he asked.

". . . guess you'll find him down to the barn," she went on sullenly, ignoring his question. "Yes, you'll likely find him there."

She was right. That's where he found old John, down in the barn, lying there under the hay chute with a broken neck. The calves had licked at his face through the slats of the pen, and what was left was not a pretty sight. In the seconds that followed the shock of discovery, he shouted for Daniel, and was surprised to see him standing beside him, looking down at the raw face, working his jaw muscles.

"Get up to the house and call Doc Sherman in town. Tell him what happened. Tell him to bring the sheriff with him."

Daniel shook the daze out of his eyes and looked at the county agent.

"Oh . . . yup. Right off," he muttered, and hurried out of the stable. The county agent started to turn back to the body, and then whirled around to stare at Daniel's retreating back.

"There's something screwy about this place," he said to the row of hungry calves that stood watching him. He stepped over the body and looked up the chute, but saw only the great beams of the barn roof far above. As if led by instinct, he climbed the steps to the barn floor, jumped over some dusty machinery, and swung up the dowel ladder with agility of long practice. When his eyes came over the edge of the hay, he stopped climbing and clung, looking cautiously about. The barn swallows, disturbed by the intrusion, flitted noiselessly in the pale, cobwebby light. He stepped onto the hay and almost lost his balance, for the bale lurched beneath his feet. With the haste borne of sudden knowledge, he stooped and seized the bale by the twines, lifting it onto the level. Bending again, he picked up a short length of two-by-four lying in the cavity under that bale, the cause of the death of John Wallace. The bale had lurched with John as it lurched with him. It had been made to lurch by the two-by-four placed as a fulcrum under the bale. Raising his eyes to the hay-chute frame, he held the two-by-four against the vertical timbers. It fitted

exactly, except that the nails had been bent out of line with the nail-holes when it was wrenched from the chute-frame.

In anger, he returned the two-by-four to its place under the bale, and fitted the bale back into the hole over it. Testing it with his foot, he satisfied himself that it was in working order, and then swung back onto the ladder, avoiding the murderous contraption. He was in the stable when Daniel returned with Mrs. Wallace, who was carrying the baby on her hip. Her face was shocked and defiant, but when she saw the twisted head with the disfigured face, she broke into a spasm of deep sobs. The baby, frightened from its heat-born indifference, began to wail.

"Go back to the house, Miz Wallace," he said gently. "You've much to do now. Here, call this number and my wife will be glad to come and help!" He jotted his home phone number on a corner of his notepad, tore it off, and handed it to her. "You go with her, Daniel. I'll stay till Doc Sherman gets here."

It was cool, there in the stable. His shirt felt ice-cold where it had begun to dry on his back. He shooed the calves away from the dead man, picked up a fork and scraped up some hay from around the chute. This he threw into the center of the calf pen to keep them busy. Then he sank down on a feed-box to think.

Was it two years ago that Daniel had come to work for John Wallace . . . yes, because that was the year John was turned on and gored by his pet bull, and Daniel and the Missus kept the farm while John was at the hospital. Well, if it was two years, that couldn't be old John's child that the Missus was taking around, if the rumors of the goring were correct . . . then old John must have known that the baby was someone else's. Saying offhand that Daniel was the father, how come John had kept him on?

He looked down at the crumpled body with sympathy. If this had been going on, they must have made life a hell for him anyway. . . .

"Hello! Where is he?" the doctor bustled in. He was a small man who managed to look cool in his white shirt. He wore a bow tie and had his sleeves rolled to his elbows. He put his bag down slowly when he saw the body. "Say! This looks like a real one, huh? When will these guys . . . that's Jack Wallace, ain't it?"

"D'the sheriff come with you, Doc?"

"Yeah, he's coming . . . too fat to hurry . . . die young, that 'un." The doctor was bent over the body, professionally poking and feeling.



The fat man came into the stable. He was puffing in the heat, and shiny with sweat. His khaki shirt was streaked with dark stains and he brought an aroma, faintly sour, that was evident even in the stable. Between his teeth he held a half-smoked cigar.

"Mornin', Sheriff," said the county agent.

"Mornin'." The sheriff removed his fawn-colored hat and mopped his forehead. Then he dried the sweatband of the hat, and put it back on his head.

"Jack Wallace . . . nice fellow . . . broken neck . . . died instantly." The doctor rattled off his findings as he straightened the body and covered the face with a burlap sack.

"What happened to his face, Doc?" asked the sheriff, lifting the bag to look.

"Calves licked him . . . I'm going up to call the funeral parlor and take a look at the Missus." The doctor bustled out.

"Godd, look at his face." The sheriff was fascinated. "Godd, look at that!"

The county agent had worked around behind the sheriff and pushed the wet-ended cigar off the sill into the barnyard. He scrubbed his hand unconsciously on the seat of his pants where he had come in contact with the cigar.

"Let's go up in the mow and look around, Sheriff," he said.

"What for? This ain't nothing but one of them hick accidents you read about." The sheriff went through his mopping routine again. "I shouldn'a come out here, anyway."

"Well if the county had elected me, I'd damn sure take a look around," the county agent said in a disgusted voice. He was rapidly losing his interest in crime detection.

"All right, Mister," the sheriff was resentful. "Lead the way!"

They went up the steps, over the machinery, to the bottom of the ladder.

"Christ! Have we gotta go up there?" The sheriff growled, but the county agent had already begun to climb.

When he reached the top of the ladder, he was surprised to find the bale firm under his feet. Raising his eyes, he saw the piece of two by-four had been put back on the chute-frame. Not nailed tight, but pushed firmly back into the nail holes. He reached for it, thinking to restore it to the incriminating place beneath the bale, but his hand checked in mid-air. The sheriff was puffing up the ladder now, and

there was no time. He thought of Mrs. Wallace, of Daniel, and the baby. He thought of the sweating sheriff with his pig-eyes, and city ways.

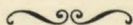
"Nothin' up here but hay," the sheriff grunted from the top of the ladder. "He must'a had a heart attack."

"Doc said a broken neck," the county agent corrected him automatically before he remembered his decision. "Looks like he just slipped," he added quickly.

"Yeah, let's get out'a here," said the sheriff. "It's hotter'n hell . . ."

The county agent left the barn hastily. He ground on the starter of his car, blew his horn to shoo the chickens from underneath, and whirled out of the barnyard. He felt hot and dirty and irresponsible, as if he had let down a friend. And yet, as he swung the battered coupe onto the highway, he was acutely aware of the feeling that comes with doing a good turn.

"Besides," he muttered, "that sheriff is a son-of-a-bitch!"



### CREDO

Art is wind  
Wind is for pain  
Life is pretty shoes  
Worn in vain

How late is ever  
Farther than gone  
How soon is never  
Nearer than have

Art is  
Where wind is  
Where pain is

—A. H. Feingold.



## SPRINGS

I stood at a bus stop, in a hurry to get back to Trinity College.  
I said to myself, "I am not in a hurry to get somewhere else;  
I am in a hurry to get here." Sun shone on the trees in Bushnell  
Park, and the Travelers' Tower stood against the blue sky. A  
man squatted on the sidewalk feeding a squirrel. I felt exalta-  
tion. I felt tears.

Bare trees standing against a cold Long Island sky reminded me of  
the trees I had seen at Camp Patrick Henry.  
Puddles on the blue-top walks of Trinity College looked like water  
in the wake of a ship.  
A line from Walt Whitman's "Song of the Open Road" brought back  
to me lineaments of Gravina.

I poured water over my hand and asked why its molecules felt so  
pleasant to my hand.  
I looked at the bark of a tree in the sunlight and saw its atoms and  
molecules reacting with one another.  
I looked at a new compound in the laboratory and exclaimed, "This  
is cholesterol!"

A professor said to me that so as the Greek and the Roman each had  
his own approach to architecture, so Bach and Brahms each had  
his own approach to music; I ran down a hill and laughed.  
I sat next to you in a theater; I had to caress you.  
I opened a door one morning, and in the sunlight through its brown-  
stone arch God smiled.

—Albert W. King.